

E L E G I A

SCRIPTA IN

COEMETERIO RUSTICO.

by Mr Austey author of the Bath Guide

K Elegg

ALGIA



COMPTERIO RUSTICO

78/3

ELEGIA

SCRIPTA IN
COEMETERIO RUSTICO
LATINÆ REDDITA.

CANTABRIGIÆ:

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M.DCC.LXII.

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SECRET

COEMETERIO RUSTICO

LATINÆ REDDITA.

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M.DCCCLXII.

Ad P O E T A M.

NOS quoque per tumulos, et amica Silentia dulcis
Raptat Amor; Tecum liceat, Divine Poeta,
Ire simul, tacitâque lyram pulsare sub umbrâ.

Non tua securos fastidit Musa Penates,
Non humiles habitare casas, et fordida Rura;
Quamvis radere iter liquidum super ardua Coeli
Cærulea, Pindaricâ non expallesceret Alâ.
Quod si Te Latiae numeros audire Camoenæ
Non piget, et nostro vacat indulgere labori;
Fortè erit, ut vitreas recubans Anienis ad undas,
Te doceat resonare nemus, Te flumina, Pastor,
Et tua cæruleâ discet Tiberinus in Urnâ
Carmina, cum tumulos præterlabetur agrestes.
Et cum pallentes inter numeraberis Umbras,
Cum neque Te vocale melos, neque murmura fontis
Castalii, citharæve sonus, quam strinxit Apollo,
Ex humili ulteriùs poterint revocare cubili;
Quamvis nulla tuum decorent Insignia Bustum,
At pia Musa super, nostræ nihil indiga Laudis,
Perpetuas aget excubias, lacrymâque perenni
Nutriet ambrosios in odoro Cespite flores.

B

E L E-

E L E G Y, &c.

*T H E Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.*

*Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;*

*Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The mopeing owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.*

Beneath

(4)

ELEGIA, &c.

AUDIN' ut occiduae signum Campana Diei
Vespertina sonet! flectunt se tarda per agros
Mugitusque armenta cient, vestigia Arator
Fessa domum trahit, et solus sub nocte relinquor.

Nunc rerum species evanida cedit, et omnis
Aura filet, nisi quàm pigro Scarabæus in orbes
Murmure se volvat, nisi tintinnabula longè
Dent sonitum, faciles pecori suadentia somnos;

Aut nisi sola sedens hederoso in culmine Turris
Ad Lunam effundat lugubres Noctua cantus,
Visa queri, propter secretos fortè recessus
Si quis eat, turbetque antiqua et inhospita Regna.

*Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.*

*The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.*

*For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.*

*Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!*

*Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.*

The

Hic subterque rudes ulmos, Taxique sub umbrâ
 Quâ super ingestus crebro tumet aggere Cespes,
 Æternùm posuere angusto in Carcere duri
 Villarum Patres, et longa oblivia ducunt.

Non vox Auroræ croceos spirantis odores,
 Non quæ stramineo de tegmine stridit Hirundo,
 Non Galli tuba clara, neque hos resonabile Cornu,
 Ex humili ulterius poterunt revocare cubili:

Non illis splendente foco renovabitur ignis,
 Sedula nec curas urgebit vespere Conjux;
 Non Patris ad reditum tenero balbutiet ore
 Certatimve amplexa genu petet Oscula Proles.

Illis sæpe seges maturâ cessit Aristâ,
 Illi sæpe graves fregerunt vomere glebas;
 Ah! quoties læti sub plaustra egere Juvenços!
 Ah! quoties duro nemora ingemuere sub ictu!

Nec vitam utilibus quæ incumbit provida curis,
 Nec fortem ignotam, securaque gaudia Ruris
 Rideat Ambitio, tumidove Superbia fastu
 Inopum quoscunque audire recuset.

Sceptri.

*The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th'inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.*

*Nor you, ye Proud, impute to These the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their Tomb no Trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn isle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.*

*Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of Death?*

*Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.*

*But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of Time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.*

Full

Sceptri grande decus, generosæ stirpis honores,
 Quicquid opes, aut forma dedit, commune Sepulchrum
 Opprimit, et leti non evitabilis hora.
 Ducit Laudis iter tantùm ad confinia Mortis.

Parcite sic tellure fitis (ita fata volebant)
 Si nulla in memori surgant Insignia Busto,
 Quà longos per Templi aditus, laqueataque tecta
 Divinas iterare solent gravia Organa Laudes.

Inscriptæne valent Urnæ, spirantiaque æra,
 Ad sedes fugientem animam revocare relictas?
 Dicite, sollicitet cineres si fama repositos?
 Gloria si gelidas Fatorum mulceat Aures?

Quis scit, an hìc Animus neglectâ in sede quiescat
 Qui prius incaluit coelestis femine flammæ?
 Quis scit, an hìc sceptri Manus haud indigna recumbat,
 Quæve lyræ poterat magicum inspirâsse furorem?

Annales sed nulla suos His Musa recludit,
 Dives opum variarum, et longo fertilis ævo:
 Pauperies angusta sacros compescuit ignes,
 Et vivos animi glaciavit frigore cursus.

Sæpe

*Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.*

*Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little Tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.*

*Th'applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes*

*Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,*

*The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muses flame.*

Sæpe coruscantes puro fulgore sub antris
 Abdidit Oceanus, cæcoque in gurgite gemmas ;
 Neglectus sæpe, in solis qui nascitur agris,
 Flos rubet, inque auras frustra disperdit Odorem.

Hic aliquis fortè Hamdenus, qui pectore firmo
 Obstitit Imperio parvi in sua rura Tyranni,
 Miltonus tumulo rudis atque inglorius illo
 Dormiat, aut patrii Cromvellus sanguinis insons.

Eloquio attenti moderarier ora Senatûs,
 Exitium sævique minas ridere doloris,
 Per patriam largos Fortunæ divitis imbres
 Spargere, et in læto populi se agnoscere vultu,

Hos sua fors vetuit ; tenuique in Limite clausit
 Virtutes, scelerisque simul compescuit ortum ;
 Ad solium cursus per cædem urgere cruentos,
 Atque tuas vetuit, Clementia, claudere portas,

Conatus premere occultos, quos conscia Veri
 Mens fovet, ingenuique extinguere signa pudoris,
 Luxuriæque focos cumulare, Ædemque superbam
 Thure, quod in sacris Musarum adoleverat aris.

*Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.*

*Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.*

*Their name, their years, spelt by th'unletter'd Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply:
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to dye.*

*For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?*

*On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires,
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 Ev'n in our Ashes live their wonted Fires.*

Infanae procul amotis certamine turbæ
 Sobria non illis didicerunt Vota vagari;
 Securum vitæ per iter, vallemque reductam,
 Servabant placidum, cursu fallente, tenorem.

His tamen incautus tumulis ne fortè Viator
 Infultet, videas circum monimenta caduca,
 Quà numeris incompofitis, rudibusque figuris
 Offa tegit lapis, et suspiria poscit euntem.

Pro mœstis Elegis, culto pro carmine, scribit
 Quicquid mûsa potest incondita, Nomen et Annos:
 Multaque queis animum moriens soletur Agrestis,
 Dogmata dispergit sacraï Scripturâi.

Sollicitæ quis enim, quis amatae dulcia Vitæ
 Tædia, sustinuit mutare silentibus umbris;
 Deferuitve almæ confinia læta diei,
 Nec Desiderio cunctantia Lumina flexit?

Projicit in gremium sese moriturus amicum,
 Deficiensque oculus lacrymas, pia munera, poscit;
 Quinetiam fida ex ipso Natura Sepulchro
 Exclamat, solitoque relucet igne favillæ.

*For thee, who mindful of th'unhonour'd Dead
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit shall inquire thy fate,*

*Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
' Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
' To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.*

*' There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
' That wreathes its old fantastick roots so high,
' His listless length at noon-tide wou'd he stretch,
' And pore upon the brook that babbles by.*

*' Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
' Muttering his wayward fancies he wou'd rove;
' Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
' Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.*

*' One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
' Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree:
' Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
' Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.*

' The

At te, cui curæ tumulo sine honore jacentes,
 Incomptoque memor qui pingis agrestia versu;
 Si quis erit, tua qui cognato pectore quondam
 Fata roget, solâ secum meditatus in umbrâ,

Fortè aliquis memoret, canus jam Tempora Pastor,
 ‘ Illum sæpe novo sub Lucis vidimus ortu
 ‘ Verrentem propero matutinos pede Rores,
 ‘ Nascenti super arva jugosa occurrere Soli.

‘ Illic antiquas ubi torquet devia fagus
 ‘ Radices per humum, patulo sub tegmine, lassus
 ‘ Solibus æstivis, se effundere sæpe solebat,
 ‘ Lumina fixa tenens, rivumque notare loquacem.

‘ Sæpe istam assuetus prope sylvam errare, superbum
 ‘ Ridens nescio quid; nunc multa abnormia volvens,
 ‘ Aut desperanti similis nunc pallidus ibat,
 ‘ Ut curâ infanus, misero ve agitatus Amore.

‘ Mane erat, et solito non illum in colle videbam,
 ‘ Non illum in campo, notâ nec in arboris umbrâ:
 ‘ Jamque nova est exorta Dies; neque flumina propter,
 ‘ Nec propter sylvam, aut arvis erat ille jugosis.

' The next with dirges due in sad array
 ' Slow through the church-way path we saw him born,
 ' Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay,
 ' Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.

The E P I T A P H.

*H*ERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth
 A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown,
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:
 He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
 He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

T H E E N D.

Adveniente aliâ, portatum hunc ordine mœsto
 Vidimus, et tristes quâ semita ducit ad Ædem
 Rite ire Exequias; ades huc, et perlege Carmen
 (Nam potes,) inscriptum lapidi sub vepre vetustâ.

EPITAPHIUM.

NEC famæ, neque notus, hîc quiescit,
 Fortunæ Juvenis, super silenti
 Telluris gremio caput reponens.
 Non cunas humiles, Laremque parvum
 Contempsit pia Musa; flebilisque
 Jussit Melpomene suum vocari.

Huic largum fuit, integrumque pectus,
 Et largum tulit a Deo favorem:
 Solum quod potuit dare, indigenti
 Indulsit lacrymam; Deusque Amicum,
 Quod solum petiit, dedit roganti.

Virtutes fuge curiosus ultra
 Scrutari; fuge sedibus tremendis
 Culpas eruere, in Patris Deique
 Illic mente sacrâ simul repostæ
 Inter spemque metumque conquiescunt.

F I N I S.

F I N I S

Inter spemque metumque conuiscunt
Illic solum facta sunt reposita
Culpas erant, in Partis Deique
Scutari; fuge sedibus tremendis
Viresces fuge curiolus natus
Quod solum petis, deus rogant

Indulget lacrymant; Deique Amicum
Solus quod potuit dare, indigent
Et largum tulit a Deo favorem:
Hinc largum fuit, interestque deus

Julius Melchioris fuit vocat
Contemplit bis Mula; fides
Non cunas humiles, Laremque paruum
Talis gremio caput reponens
Torturas iuvenis, super illam
Epitaphium

(in hoc) fuit hic fuit hic fuit hic
Videtur, fuit hic fuit hic fuit hic
Fuit hic fuit hic fuit hic fuit hic

